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SEA LESSONS.

I.

On the surface heave and roll the waves,
Deep, the waters lie untroubled, still;
Blow the wild winds here, the tempest
raves,
There secure reigns Ocean's mighty will.

Father—God, so be it with Thy child—
On the surface play life's forces free;
Come the storms of sorrow, north-blows
wild,
Doubt and care and grave anxiety.

Yet within be calm, unruffled peace,
Strength—the rule of Thine all-perfect
will;
Joy, born of Thy love, dull care's release;
Faith that good e'er lurks within the ill.

II.

Bearing on thy bosom broad and kind
Burdens of the tolling world's bequest,
Serve there, O sea, thy master, mind,
Knowing not fatigue nor moment's rest.

Patience to fill thy appointed place,
Welcome to thy bosom human care,
Serve, not be served, self-efface—
May I in thy faithful spirit share.

III.

Yet what time thou raisest up thy might,
Flingest fury, mounting heaven-high,
Who but fears thee, Ocean infinite?
Who can brook thy wrath, thy will defy?

Symbol thou of thy Creator—Lord,
God of boundless might and majesty,
Terrible the judgments of His word;
Brooking no resistance His decree.

Yet, like thee, His majesty He bows,
Servant of His servants to become;
Bears within His heart their sins and woes,
Brings them on life's voyage safely home.
—Luther Davis, in N. Y. Observer.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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PART I.—CONTINUED.

Hayle accompanied them into the bar, and was a witness of the satisfaction the landlord endeavored, from business motives, to conceal. In due course he followed them to the small, stifling rooms in the yard at the back, and observed that they were placed on either side of himself. He had already taken the precaution of rapping upon the walls in order to discover their thickness, and to find out whether the sound of chinking money was to be heard through them.

"I must remember that thirty-seven and sixpence and two Mexican dollars are all I have in the world," he said to himself. "It would be bad business to allow them to suppose that I had more, until I find out what they want." "The last time I was here was with Stellman," said the taller of the men, when they met again in the courtyard. "He had got a concession from the Dutch, so he said, to work a portion of the West Coast for shell. He wanted me to go in with him."

"And you couldn't see your way to it?"

"I've seen two Dutch jails," said the other; "and I have no use for them."

"And what happened to Stellman?" asked Hayle, but without any apparent interest. He was thinking of something else at the time.

"They got his money, his boat and his shell, with three pearls that would have made your mouth water," replied the other.

"And Stellman?"

"Oh, they buried him at Sourabaya. He took the cholera, so they said, but I have heard since that he died of starvation. They don't feed you too well in Dutch jails, especially when you've got a concession and a consul."

The speaker looked up at his companion as he said this, and the other, who, as I have already said, was not interested in the unfortunate Stellman, or had probably heard the tale before, nodded his head in the direction of the room where the smaller man was engaged on his toilet, to the accompaniment of splashing water. The movement of the head was as significant as the nod of the famous lord of Burleigh.

"Just the same as ever," the other replied. "Always pushing his nose into old papers and documents, until you'd think he'd make himself ill. Lord, what a man he would have been for the British museum! There's not his equal on ancient Asia in the world."

"And this particular business?"

"Ah, you shall hear all about it in the proper time. That'll be to-morrow morning, I reckon. In the meantime you can go to bed, and content yourself with the knowledge that, all being well, you're going to play a hand in the biggest scoop that ever I or anybody else have tackled!"

Mr. Kitwater, for such was the name of the gentleman, began his preparations for the night, vigorously cursing the mosquitoes as he did so. He was a fine-looking man, with a powerful, though somewhat humorous cast of countenance. His eyes were large and not unkindly. His head was a good one from a phenological point of view, but was marred by the possession of enormous ears which stood out on

either side of his head like those of a bat. He wore a close-cropped beard, and he was famous for his strength, which indeed was that of a giant.

"Hayle, if I can sum it up aright, is just the same as ever," he said, as he arranged the mosquito netting of his bed. "He doesn't trust me, and I don't trust him. But he'll be none the less useful for that. Let him try to play me false, and, by the Lord Harry, he'll not live to do it again."

With this amiable sentiment Mr. Kitwater prepared himself for slumber.

Next morning they met at breakfast. All three were somewhat silent. It was as if the weight of the matter which was that day to be discussed pressed upon their spirits. The smallest of the trio, Septimus Codd by name, who was habitually taciturn, spoke scarcely a word. He was a strange little man, a nineteenth century villain in a sense. He was a rogue and a vagabond, yet his one hobby, apart from his business, was a study of the past, and many an authority on eastern history would have been astonished at the extent of his learning.

He was never so happy as when burrowing amongst ancient records, and it was mainly due to his learning in the first place, and to a somewhat singular accident in the second, that the trio were now foregathered in Singapore. His personal appearance was a peculiar one. His height was scarcely more than four feet six inches. His face was round, and at a distance appeared almost boyish. It was only when one came to look into it more closely that it was seen to be scored by numberless small lines. Moreover, it was unadorned by either beard or mustache. His hair was gray, and was worn somewhat longer than is usual.

He could speak fluently almost every language of the east, and had been imprisoned by the Russians for sealing in prohibited waters, had been tortured by the Chinese on the Yangtze, and, to his own unextinguishable disgrace, flogged by the French in Tonquin. Not the least curious trait in his character was the affection he entertained for Kitwater. The pair had been together for years, had quarreled repeatedly, but had never separated. The record of their doings would form an interesting book, but for want of space cannot be more than referred to here. Hayle had been their partner in not a few of their curious undertakings, for his courage and resource made him a valuable ally, though how far they trusted each other it is impossible to say.

Breakfast over they adjourned to the veranda, where the inevitable cigars made their appearance.

"Now let's hear what you've got to say to me?" Hayle began.

"No here," Kitwater replied. "There are too many listeners. Come down to the harbor."

So saying he led his companions to the water side, where he chartered a native boat for an hour's sail. Then, when they were out of earshot of the land, he bade Hayle pay attention to what he had to say.

"First and foremost you must understand," he said, "that it's all due to Caddy here. We heard something of it from an old Siamese in Hanoi, but we never put much trust in it. Then Caddy began to look around, to hunt up some of the musty records, and after awhile he began to think that there might be something in the story after all. You see it's this way: You know Sengkor-Wat?"

"Sengkor how much?"

"Sengkor-Wat—the old ruin at the back of Burmah, near the Chinese border. Such a place as you never dream of. Tumble-down palaces, temples, and all that sort of thing—lying out there all alone in the jungle."

"I've seen Amber," said Hayle, with the air of a man who makes a remark that cannot be lightly turned aside.

"After that I don't want any more ruined cities. I've got no use for them."

"No, but you've got a use for other things, haven't you? You can use rubies as big as pigeon's eggs, I suppose. You've got a use for sapphires, the like of which mortal man never set eyes on before."

"That's certainly so," Hayle replied. "But what has this Sengkor-Wat to do with it?"

"Everything in the world," Kitwater replied. "That's where those rubies are, and, what's more, that's where we are going to find them."

"Are you joking, or is this sober earnest?"

He looked from Kitwater to Codd. The little man thus appealed to nodded his head. He agreed with all his companion said.

"It's quite true," said he, after a pause. "Rubies, sapphires and gold enough to make us all millionaires times over."

"Bravo for Sengkor-Wat, then!" said Hayle. "But how do you know all this?"

"I've told you already that Caddy found it out," Kitwater replied. "Looking over his old records he discovered something that put him on the track. Then I happened to remember that, years ago, when I was in Hanoi, an old man had told me a wonderful story about a treasure chamber in a ruined city in the Burmese jungle. A Frenchman who visited the place, and had written a book about it, mentions the fact that there is a legend amongst the natives that vast treasure is buried in the ruins, but only one man, so far as we can dis-

cover, seems to have taken the trouble to have looked for it."

"But how big are the ruins?"

"Bigger than London, so Caddy says!"

Caddy nodded his head in confirmation of this fact. But still Hayle seemed incredulous.

"And you are going to search all that area? It strikes me that you will be an old man by the time you find the treasure, Kitwater."

"Don't you believe it. We've got something better to go upon than that. There was an old Chinese traveler who visited this place in the year—what was the year, Caddy?"

"Twelve hundred and fifty-seven," Codd replied, without hesitation.

"Well, he describes the glory of the place, the wealth of the inhabitants, and then goes on to tell how the king took him to the great treasure chamber, where he saw such riches as mortal man had never looked upon before."

"But that doesn't tell you where the treasure chamber is?" argued Hayle.

"Perhaps not, but there are other ways of finding out; that is, if a man has his wits about him. You've got to put two and two together if you want to get on in this world. Caddy has translated it all, and this is what it amounts to: When the king had shown the traveler his treasure, the latter declared that his eyes were so blinded by its magnificence that he could scarcely mount the steps to the spot where his majesty gave audience to his people. In another place it mentions that when the king administered justice he was seated on the throne in the courtyard of the Three-headed Elephants. Now what we've got to do is to find that courtyard, and find it we will."

"But how do you know that the treasure hasn't been taken away years ago? Do you think they were such fools as to leave it behind when they went elsewhere? Not they!"

Though they were well out of earshot of the land, and alone upon the boat, Kitwater looked round him suspiciously before he answered. Then a pleasant smile played over his face. It was as if he were recalling some happy memory.

"How do I know it?" he asked, by way of preface. "If you'll listen for a moment, I'll tell you. If you want more proof, when I've done, you must be difficult to please. When I was up at Moumein six months ago, I came across a man I hadn't met for several years. He was a Frenchman, who I knew had spent the most of his life away back in Burmah. He was very flush of money at the time, and kept throwing out hints, when we were alone, of a place he knew of where there was the biggest fortune on earth, to be had for the mere picking up and carrying away. He had brought away as much of it as he could, but he hadn't time to get it all, before he was chased out by the Chinese, who, he said, were strong in the neighborhood."

Kitwater stopped and rubbed his hands with a chuckle. Decidedly the recollection was a pleasant one.

"Well," he continued, "to make a long story short, I took advantage of my opportunity, and got his secret out of him by . . . well, never mind how I managed it. It is sufficient that I got it. And the consequence is, I know all that is to be known."

"That's all very well, but what became of the Frenchman? How do you know that he isn't back there again filling his pockets?"

"I don't think he is," Kitwater replied, slowly. "It put me to a lot of inconvenience, and came just at the time when I was most anxious to leave. Besides, it might have meant trouble." He paused for a moment.

"As a matter of fact, they brought it in 'suicide during temporary insanity, brought on by excessive drinking,' and that got me out of the difficulty. It must have been insanity, I think, for he had no reason for doing away with himself. It was proved that he had plenty of money left. What was more, Caddy gave evidence that, only the day before, he had told him he was tired of life."

Hayle looked at both with evident admiration.

"Well, you two, taken together, beat cock-fighting," he said, enthusiastically. Then he added: "But what about the secret? What did you get out of him?"

"Here it is," said Kitwater, taking an old leather case from his pocket, and producing from it a small piece of parchment. "There's no writing upon it, but we have compared it with another plan that we happen to have, and find that it squares exactly."

He leaned over Hayle's shoulder and pointed to a certain portion of the sketch.

"That's the great temple," he said; "and what the red dot means we are going to find out."

"Well, suppose it is, what makes you send for me?" Hayle inquired, suspiciously.

"Because we must have another good man with us," Kitwater replied. "I'm very well, but you're better. Caddy's head piece is all right, but if it comes to fighting, he might just as well be in Kensal Green. Isn't that so, little man?"

Mr. Codd nodded his head.

"I said, send for Hayle," he remarked in his quiet little voice. "Kit-

sent, and now you're here, and it's all right."

"Caddy speaks the truth," said Kitwater. "Now, what we have to do is to arrange the business part of the matter, and then to get away as quickly as possible."

The business portion of the matter was soon settled, and Hayle was thereupon admitted a member of the syndicate for the exploration of the ancient town of Sengkor-Wat in the hinterland of Burmah.

For the remainder of the day Hayle was somewhat more silent than usual.

"If there's anything in their yarn it might be managed," he said to himself that night, when he was alone in his bedroom. "Kitwater is clever, I'll admit that, and Caddy is by no manner of means the fool he pretends to be. But I'm Gideon Hayle, and that counts for something. Yes, I think it might be managed."

What it was he supposed might be effected he did not say, but from the smile upon his face, it was evident that the thought caused him considerable satisfaction.

Next day they set sail for Rangoon.

PART II.

The shadows of evening were slowly falling as the little party of which Kitwater, Codd and Hayle, with two Burmen servants, were members, obtained their first view of the gigantic ruins of which they had come so far in search. For many days they had been journeying through the jungle, now the prey of hope, now of despair. They had experienced adventures by the score, though none of them were of sufficient importance to be narrated here, and more than once they had come within a hair's breadth of being compelled to retrace their steps. They rode upon the small, wiry ponies of the country, their servants clearing a way before them with their parangs as they advanced. Their route, for the most part, lay through jungle, in places so dense that it was well-nigh impossible for them to force a way through it. It was as if nature were doing her best to save the ancient city from the hand of the spoiler. At last, and so suddenly that it came upon them like a shock, they found themselves emerging from the jungle. Below them, in the valley, peering up out of the forest, was all that remained of a great city, upon the ruined temples of which the setting sun shone with weird effect.

"At last," said Hayle, bringing his pony to a standstill and looking down upon the ruins. "Let us hope we shall have penetrated their secret before we are compelled to say good-by to them again."

"Hear, hear to that," said Kitwater; Septimus Codd, however, never said a word; the magic hand of the past was upon his heart, and was holding him spellbound.

They descended the hill, and, when they had selected a suitable spot, decided to camp upon it for the night.

Next morning they were up betimes; the excitement of the treasure hunt was upon each man, and would not let him tarry. It would not be long now, they hoped, before they would be able to satisfy themselves as to the truth of the story they had been told, and of the value of the hopes in which they had put their trust. Having eaten their morning meal, they took counsel together, examined the plan for the thousandth time, collected their weapons and tools, bade their servants keep a sharp look-out, and then set off for the city. The morning sun sparkled upon the dew, the birds and monkeys chattered at them from the jungle, while above them towered the myriad domes and sculptured spires of the ancient city. It was a picture that once seen would never be forgotten. So far, however, not a sign of human life had they been able to discover; indeed, for all they knew to the contrary, they might be the only men within 50 miles of the place.

(To Be Continued.)

A Proud Mother.

A clergyman was recently called upon to baptize nine children. From number one to eight nothing went amiss. The ninth, however, proved to be a lusty boy, who soon succeeded in almost wriggling out of his somewhat scanty clothes. The clergyman, grasping the infant by the nape of the neck and by such garments as still remained secure, was proceeding with the service, when the mother, overcome with admiration for her child, and scarcely realizing the solemnity of the occasion, remarked in a loud voice: "He's a nice little lump, sir; isn't he?"—London Post.

A Mutual Friend.

Once upon a time a diplomat was walking with his close friend Deceit, who was dressed in his usual attractive manner, when he met a lady acquaintance.

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend Diplomacy," he said.

"It is not necessary," she answered. "He is a close friend of mine, whom I know by the name of 'Fact.'"

Moral.—A nettle by any other name would sting the same.—N. Y. Herald.

Worth Going After.

Take things as they come—but remember there are lots of things that it will pay you to go after.—Chicago Daily News.

Celebrities on the Move.

Mrs. Lizzie Penhould, author of "Sweet Sixteen; or, the Coquette of Ciderburg," is resting from her literary labors at present, but expects to resume them as soon as house-cleaning is over.

William Honeycutt Priff, author of "Mumping against an Empire," stopped at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, last Wednesday and got a time-table.

Miss Imogene Suzette Migglesworth, the widely-known authoress of "Strands of Wild Grass" and other poems, is now engaged on an epic dealing with the grippe epidemic in St. Louis. She believes it will be the crowning work of her life.

Peter Punk, better known by his pen-name of "Algeron Leverage," who recently published a collection of sonnets, is helping his father with the spring plowing.

Mr. O. Backdown-Johnson, the distinguished naturalist, is revising the proofs of his book based on a summer in New Jersey, entitled "Wild Insects That Have Met Me."—Baltimore American.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Spruce grows nearer the arctic regions than any other tree.

No fewer than two British peers answer to the name of Lord Grey.

Fowls are supposed to have been first domesticated in China 1400 B. C.

Owing to a plague of rats and mice, cats sell at \$25 a piece in North Yukon Territory.

The finest example of weaving in the world is said to be the Panama hats manufactured in Jipijapa (pronounced Hippipappi), in the province of Montecristi, Ecuador.

An "Omar Khayyam" restaurant has been opened at New York nearly opposite the Waldorf-Astoria. The cooking consists of all sorts of dishes that may be concocted with hot, spicy sauces and ingredients of rice and curry.

Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, shaved off his luxuriant black beard the other morning, and the doorkeepers refused to admit him to the floor of the house until he had been identified. Mr. Babcock had not been shaved before in 15 years.

The Secret of Health in Old Age.

Shepherd, Ill., June 23rd.—Sarah E. Rowe, of this place, is now 72 years of age and just at the present time is enjoying much better health than she has for over 20 years. Her explanation of this is as follows:

"For many years past I have been troubled constantly with severe kidney trouble, my urine would scald and burn when passing and I was very miserable."

"I am 72 years of age and never expected to get anything to cure me, but I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and thought it would do me no harm to try them."

"I am very glad I did so, for they cured me of Kidney Disease and stopped all scalding sensations when passing the urine."

"I feel better now than I have for twenty years."



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